

# Blue Quill



Inauguration  
issue March 1952



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# THE BLUE QUILL

MARCH 1952

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# PRESIDENT JERNIGAN TO BE INAUGURATED

DAVY-JO STRIBLING



DR. JERNIGAN

Dr. Charlton Coney Jernigan will officially become the President of Queens College during the inaugural ceremonies in the morning of March 29. Present at this event will be delegates representing 140 institutions and learned societies.

The activities of the week end will begin with registration of the delegates in Burwell Hall from 3:00-6:00 P.M., Friday. The delegates will also register from 8:00-9:45 the morning of the ceremony. Coffee will be served in Burwell to the delegates Saturday morning.

At 6:00 Friday night an informal dinner will be held in Morrison Hall with Mrs. Curtis B. Johnston, an alumna of Queens, as the guest speaker. After dinner coffee will be served in Burwell Hall.

At 9:45 Saturday morning the academic procession will be formed in the Science Building. Several classrooms in Burwell and the Science Building will be used for the formation of the procession. At 10:30 the exercises will be held in Belk Chapel.

The guest speaker for the inauguration will be Dr. Theodore Henley Jack, President of Randolph-Macon Woman's

College and of the Southern University Conference. He has also held the position of Dean of the Graduate School and Vice-President of Emory University, and he has taught at Southern University and at the University of Chicago. His undergraduate work was done at the University of Alabama and his graduate work at Harvard and the University of Chicago. He has been awarded the LL.D. degree by Birmingham-Southern College, Emory University, and Tulane University and the Litt.D. by the University of Alabama. Dr. Jack has served as president of the Georgia Association of Colleges, the Association of Virginia Colleges, and of the Southern Association of Colleges, and he is author of *Sectionalism and Party Politics in Alabama*, and *The Story of America*, with Smith and Burnham.

Following the address of Dr. Jack, Dr. Jernigan will be inducted by McAlister Carson, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Queens College. The ceremony will end with an address by Dr. Jernigan as the official President of Queens. At 1:00 P.M. luncheon will be served in Morrison Hall, at which time greetings will come from the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina, represented by Rev. Mr. M. Gibbs; the Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina, Dr. M. A. MacDonald; the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, Dr. Guy H. Wells; the City of Charlotte, Mayor Victor Shaw; the alumnae of Queens, Mrs. Wyss L. Barker; the faculty, Mr. John Holliday; and the student body, Miss Dorothy MacLeod. An informal reception honoring Dr. and Mrs. Jernigan will be held at 4:00 P.M. in Burwell Hall.

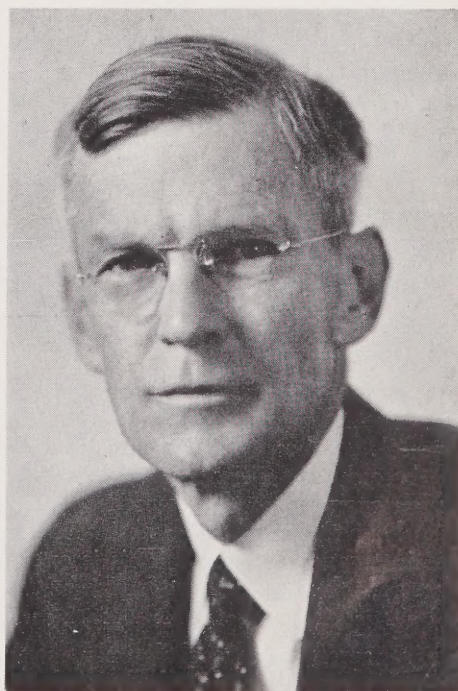
The activities will end on Sunday with a special service conducted by Dr. Lawrence I. Stell at Trinity Presbyterian Church for its members, college guests, faculty, and students.

Dr. Jernigan is the tenth president of Queens College. He came to Queens last August from Florida State Univer-

sity, where he was head of the department of classics for two years. He was professor and head of the department of classics at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina from 1935 until 1949. From 1926 to 1928 he was head of the departments of English, Greek, and Latin at Rutherford College. He received his B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Duke University. He has also been a member of the faculty at Duke and has done graduate study at the University of Chicago, where he also taught.

Queens College, which is owned and controlled by the Synods of North Carolina and South Carolina, has experienced a consolidation and several changes in name in the one hundred years of its history. It began as the Charlotte Female Institute in 1857 with Rev. Robert Burwell as its first president. He and his wife had charge of the school until 1872. For the next thirty years it was headed by Rev. Robert H. Chapman, Rev. Stephen T. Martin, and Rev. William R. Atkinson. In 1901 when Dr. J. R. Bridges was

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DR. JACK



## THOUGHTFUL VOTING

Not long from now, in fact in less than two weeks, our annual student elections will be held.

Every year around election time we are reminded, "Choose your candidates *carefully* and with thought," "Don't let sorority or other group affiliations influence your vote," and so forth. Since these same basic ideas come up each spring, we are often guilty, individually and collectively, of taking them for granted. By this we mean that, although the majority of us may agree with the above suggestions, we are prone to consider them lightly.

Another common failing of ours as a group is to stereotype people during their freshman year. Even though there may be alterations, the pattern which we together have mentally cut out for someone stays with that individual, particularly during her first two years at college. Let's be careful not to judge persons by their "face value." Rather, may we look for those traits that really count, such as, sincerity in the desire to work for the school and those in it, the ability to do the job well with others, and above all—and we're not being trite when we say this—a Christian character that puts Christ first, others second and itself last.

Election time is an *important* time on our campus. Let us, beginning right now, familiarize ourselves with the offices to be held and really *think* about our candidates before we cast that deciding vote.—D. F.

## ATTENDANCE AT CONCERTS AND LECTURES

The reputation of being a well-rounded student body is one which we Queens students are all eager to maintain. But when the first of the concert and lecture series was held, this fact could easily have been doubted. Attendance was so low that the lecturer himself commented on the seeming lack of interest shown by the select group of college women to whom he had come to speak.

There are, of course, probably many causes for the poor attendance at these programs. The excuse most frequently offered by the students is that their time is taken up by their studies. Each claims that the concert or lecture interferes with her work; and, therefore, she chooses to stay in her room—perhaps to study, perhaps not—rather than become culturally educated. In some cases this is only an excuse for other activities, and in all cases something can be done about it. The teacher of the subject to which one is devoting this time would probably consent to receive a late assignment in order that the student might attend these culture programs.

Freshmen have another excuse to which they often cling. They actually have the privilege to do so. They follow the example of the upperclassmen who do not take advantage of these opportunities. One duty of the older students is to set an example for the younger ones. So far the upperclassmen have not shown enough interest in the series to arouse the interest of freshmen. This is one thing which must be changed—the example set for freshmen.

The advantages of this concert and lecture series at Queens are so great that we shall only mention a few of them. Being in a small student body, each student has the opportunity to meet the guests at the receptions following the programs. Each speaker who comes has something he

wishes to present. If the students hear the celebrity's ideas and then meet him personally, they are better equipped to draw their own conclusions. It also gives one a feeling of pride when, in later years, one is able to say, "Yes, I met that statesman when he came to our college." This, of course, is to say nothing of the knowledge gained from hearing these speakers, or the enriching of one's culture in listening to accomplished artists.

Attending these concerts and lectures gives the student a good background in many of the arts, politics, and other subjects. It also prepares young people for the social world ahead by giving them an opportunity to engage in social activities. Each college student should take advantage of our series of concerts and lectures. Find out what you are missing.—A. C.

## WHOSE TIME?

We believe that Christmas holidays should not be counted as part of our allotment of week ends. Week ends are now allotted on a semester basis. If the Student Government Association has decided to allow us the privilege of thinking in blocks of time that are less arbitrarily set than monthly divisions, it follows that thinking in terms of monthly divisions has been discarded as far as rules are concerned. It is the responsibility of the student to think ahead and plan her work. A ruling designed to keep students from taking two week ends in December is inconsistent with a policy of allowing students to plan their time and work on a semester basis.

The purpose of limiting the number of week ends that students may spend away from the campus is to safeguard study time. More week ends are given to students who by above-average work show that they know how to budget time and study. We recognize the value of this policy for students who need regulation. We do not, however, believe that days spent off the campus between semesters should count as one of the week ends allotted according to academic work. Obviously, students are not responsible for studies between semesters. We are not even under college jurisdiction until we register for a semester. The time between our last exams and our registration for another semester is our own. There is no reason why our taking a trip on our own time should reduce the number of week ends allowed to us in later or earlier semester. A policy of simultaneously claiming and renouncing authority over days between exams and registration is arbitrary and illogical.

## CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

The year 1952 is not only an election year, but one in which the American people have expressed deep concern over the lessening of individual expressions of self-determination in our government. The Republicans protest that the Democrats are violating individual and states' rights and seeking to place more and more power in the hands of the central government.

Are these trends present in the government of Queens College? Do we face a similar danger? There is now an opportunity for us to express ourselves in the government of our college in the constitutional convention which will

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# INAUGURATION DELEGATES REPRESENT MANY INSTITUTIONS

Queens College faculty and students will be hosts to delegates representing 140 colleges and learned societies at the inauguration of Dr. C. C. Jernigan. The delegates will be arranged in the academic procession according to the date of the founding of their Alma Maters—the oldest college leading the line. There will be 36 college presidents and deans in the procession.

Below is a list of the colleges, their founding dates, and their delegates, followed by a list of the learned societies:

Harvard University (1636), George Bennett Cramer; College of William and Mary (1693), William Guy Neal; Yale University (1701), Robert Lassiter, Jr.; Princeton University (1746), Morgan Ayres Reynolds; Washington and Lee University (1749), John L. Crist; Columbia University (1754), George B. Pegram; College of Charleston (1770), Earle DeWitt Jennings; Salem Academy and College (1772), Dale H. Gramley; Hampden-Sydney College (1776), Edgar Graham Gammon; University of Georgia (1785), Dick Harris; Louisburg College (1787), Samuel M. Holton; The Consolidated University of North Carolina (1789), Walter Clinton Jackson; and the University of South Carolina (1801), Mrs. Julian F. Beall.

Also represented are: Princeton Theological Seminary (1812), Joseph Lee Grier; University of Michigan (1817), David Goe Welton; Centre College (1819), Jameson Miller Jones; Maryville College (1819), Edward B. Cooper; University of Virginia (1819), John L. Forehead; George Washington University (1821), Arthur D. R. Schoenfeld; Furman University (1826), Arthur Moehlenbrock; Lafayette College (1826), Cooper S. Wise; Lindenwood College (1827), Mrs. James F. Brockman; Columbia Theological Seminary (1828), J. McDowell Richards; University of Richmond (1830), Mrs. Harold Gayton Daniel; Mercer University (1833), Claude U. Broach; Oberlin College (1833), Marion R. Stoll; Tulane University (1834), Mrs. Mary Keesler Olmour; and Wake Forest College (1834), G. T. Carswell.

Also, Emory and Henry College (1836), Robert H. K. Edmonds; Emory University (1836), S. Herbert Hitch; Davidson College (1837), John Rood Cunningham; Guilford College (1837), Clyde A. Milner; Marshall College (1837), Mrs. Donald S. Kimrey; Duke University (1838), A. Hollis Edens; Greensboro College (1838), Luther Lafayette Gobbel; Medical College of Virginia (1838), J. M. Northington; Erskine College (1839), Robert Calvin Grier; University of Missouri (1839), Harold H. Gange; Virginia Military Institute (1839), Samuel L. Hayes; The Citadel (1842), E. A. Terrell; Hollins College (1842), Mrs. John Crosland; Roanoke College (1842), Herman P. Wyrick; Mary Hardin-Baylor College (1845), Mrs. Ollin J. Owens; and Earlham College (1847), Ralph Nicholson.

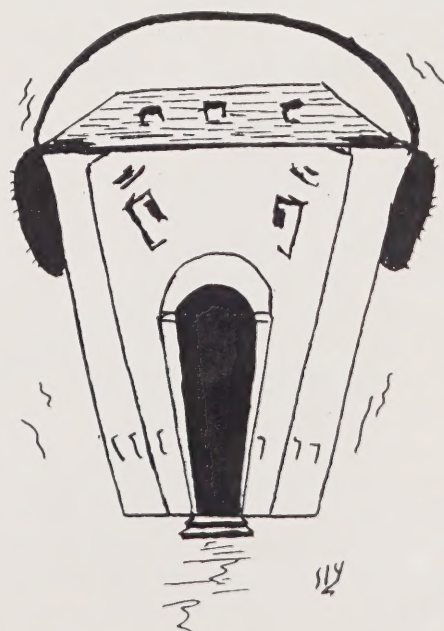
## OTHER DELEGATES

Also, State University of Iowa (1847), Roy E. Watkins; Southwestern at Memphis (1848), Warner L. Hall; University of Wisconsin (1848), David G. Welton; Austin College (1849), W. B. Guarrant; Carson-Newman College (1851), Warren L. Weierman; Northwestern University (1851), Howard L. Newton; Westminster College (1852), Frank W. Orr; Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary (1853), Shelton M. Hutchison; Wofford College (1854), James G. Huggin; Berea College (1855), Mrs. Robert Beaty; Michigan State College (1855), Mrs. James E. Graham; Pennsylvania State College (1855), Marjory Stout; Mars Hill College (1856), Hoyt Blackwell; Newberry College (1856), James C. Kinard; Florida State University (1857), Doak S. Campbell; and Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1861), Beaumert Whitton.

Also, Vassar College (1861), Mrs. Jesse Page; Swarthmore College (1864), Mrs. Davis L. Lewis; Cornell University (1865), Wallace E. Caldwell; University of Kansas (1865), Mrs. John Parrish; University of Kentucky (1865), Mrs. Robert O. McGary; College of Wooster (1866), Mrs. Stephen E. Shepard; University of New Hampshire

(1866), Frank W. Perry; Virginia Polytechnic Institute (1868), Hamilton Corey; University of Nebraska (1869), Julian E. Jacobs; Wilson College (1869), Doris Anne Bradley; Syracuse University (1870), Mrs. William B. Hodge; Wellesley College (1870), Mrs. Luther W. Kelly; Smith College (1871), Mrs. Albert Vander Veer; University of Arkansas (1871), Leon E. Wernitz; Peace College (1872), William C. Pressly; Vanderbilt University (1872), Paul Sanger; Blue Mountain College (1873), Mrs. G. R. Davison; Texas Christian University (1873), J. Clinton Bradshaw; George Peabody College For Teachers (1875), Cathleen M. Pike; Park College (1875), Donald C. Agnew; The John's Hopkins University (1876), Roy E. Hoke; University of Colorado (1876), Dorothy H. Heironimus; Belmont Abbey College (1878), Cuthbert E. Allen; Presbyterian College (1880), Marshall W. Brown, Jr.; Longwood College (1884), Mrs. H. M. Irwin, Jr.; Mississippi State College For Women (1884), Mrs. Hugh L. Lobdell; Pfeiffer Junior College (1885), Chi M. Waggoner; University of Arizona (1885), Mrs. Virginia M. Taylor; and Campbell College (1887), Leslie Hartwell Campbell.

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BRRWELL—PRE-INAUGURATION



## HEALTH CENTER BUILDING PROGRAM GETS UNDERWAY

JEAN RAYBURN

President Charlton Jernigan has announced that the newly appointed Queens College Building Committee hopes to begin construction on the Health Center sometime next year. The Building Committee is composed of George Dowdy, chairman; John C. Erwin, Hunter Marshall, David Ovens, R. S. Dickson, James Barnhardt, Frank Dowd, and J. Philo Caldwell. This group is trying to have the plans for the building completed by May in order that Dr. Jernigan may present them to the Board of Trustees at its meeting in May. Before the final plans of the building are made, Dr. Jernigan and a number of others will visit various college campuses to look over their physical education buildings and programs.

The site for the health building, the money for which was given by Davids Ovens, has not yet been selected. Colonel Pease, of the J. M. Pease and Co., architects for the building, will present suggestions for the site of the Health Center as well as other proposed buildings at the next meeting of the Building Committee.

The Health Center will have a regulation-size basketball court as well as proper equipment. In so far as funds will permit, there will also be a regulation-size swimming pool. Adequate showers and dressings rooms will be included. There will also be facilities for co-eds.

The building is being constructed with the ultimate plan in mind that Queens will offer a full physical education program including an available major in physical education.

## QUEENS OLD-STYLE

MARY McLANEY

So you think Queens is a convent? What do you think Grandma and Great-aunt Bertie thought of it eighty years ago? Life at Queens then was no bed of roses.

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## CO-EDS IN TOURNAMENT

One should not be surprised at the clamor which she hears as she passes by the men's lounge. It's just the co-eds pulling for their favorite man in the checker tournament! The checker tournament is another project of our industrious co-eds. A game consists of three sets of checkers. The winners of the first and second games will play the winners of the third and fourth games. The two final winners will battle out the championship. The starting games are as follows: Sam McMahan vs. Archie McCall; Gene Reeves vs. Horace Harris; Jim White vs. John Wilson; and Tom Moore vs. Hank Kmiec.

\* \* \*

The co-eds show that they are on the ball in these activities to promote patriotism, good sportsmanship, and a better spirit for Queens.

## ABSTRACT MURAL GOES UP

Paint pots, brushes, stepladders, and smocks were much in evidence in the student store recently as art students, under the watchful eye of Professor Rebecca Bryant, painted a large, colorful mural about Queens for Queens.

The picture is abstract, modern, and yet one can recognize Diana—a larger-than-life-size Diana. The design speeds the eye to another Diana in the upper left, reversed this time against a symbol of classical doorway. The design is echoed in pillars and another doorway, the second one having a circular pediment which repeats the half-circles of the booths in the store.

The Coronet, another important part of the design, is also repeated, and it appears in wood at the mail window. Art students are suggesting "The Crown" as a good name for the store.

The design is the creation of Pat Deady, Queens freshman, whose work was selected as the best of the mural designs drawn by members of the art classes.

The students who did the work of painting the mural are Dell Martin, Doris Kramar, Pat Deady, Barbara Tillson, Margaret Ann Williams, Henry Kmiec, Sheila Gottlieb, and Jane Mobley.

## CALVIN REID VISITS CAMPUS

HELEN DRENNAN

During the week of February 18-21 a less studious atmosphere pervaded Queens Campus. Books were relegated to second place while students and faculty members entered into Christian Preaching and Re-emphasis Season. The emphasis was spearheaded by Dr. J. Calvin Reid from the Mount Lebanon Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The week's schedule featured morning and evening services in Belk Chapel, an informal tea, evening discussion groups, and group and individual conferences. Dr. Reid met with S.C.A. Cabinet every evening for prayer and planning.

Dr. Reid brought to the campus understanding and insight gained as pastor of a large church, a counselor of young people, and a writer of religious books. The book store sold all of Dr. Reid's books on display there. Students talked and laughed over the delightful stories of the congregation of the First Birdarian Church in *Birdlife in Wington*, a book of sermonettes by Dr. Reid; and many students bought a copy of *On Toward the Goal* to use as devotional material.

Group and individual conferences afforded students an opportunity to discuss particular problems on vocations, campus life, and personal experiences. Between these conferences Dr. Reid enjoyed informal conversations with students in the Soda Shop. Students also had an opportunity to meet and talk with Dr. Reid at meal time. The faculty met with Dr. Reid on Tuesday evening and entered wholeheartedly into other phases of the Season.

Thanks go to the students who worked in planning and executing the worship periods before the morning and evening talks. Members of the student body and faculty and the Queens Choir provided

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# WOOD-PILE BOY

DOROTHY HINSON

The July sun beamed with all its fury on the cotton field. The two colored boys, Johnnie and Boo-Jack, had spent more time during the last hour leaning on their hoe handles than they had spent working. Johnnie was a tall, yellow-skinned boy, wearing clean, starched, slightly faded overalls; but Boo-Jack was small for his sixteen years, and his clothes were ill-fitted and dirty. I had observed the boys from the kitchen window as they slowly hoed the long rows that curved and dipped about the slopping hill; it was evident that they were passing the minutes as leisurely as possible until the farm bell was rung for noon and my father was not in sight.

I went to the garden for fresh tomatoes; and as I gathered them, I heard the voices of my father's hired help. I looked up but could see only the heavy green butterbean vines that had grown the height of the garden fence and were stretching delicate tendrils to the sky.

"I sure hope dat bell rings soon," said Boo-Jack, as he mopped his forehead with his dirty shirt sleeve that dangled loosely on his arm.

"Me, too. Miss Vera al'ays cooks de bes' cornbread, and right now I could eat a whole hoe-cake if I had it," replied Johnnie.

"Baked 'tatoes, too, and cold butter-milk."

"How long has you been livin' on the wood-pile, anyway, Boo-Jack?" asked Johnnie.

"Now le's see; I b'lieve it was a year go in March when Mister John done brought me home wid him."

"Where you been 'fore den?"

"I'se live down at Aunt Ada's after na run away wid ole Tom, but Aunt Ada she don't want no more young'uns; she got a house full herself." Boo-Jack stepped in the shadow of a cotton plant to cool his feet; and he heaved a big sigh of relief, for the sand was very hot.

"By doggies, I guess we is 'bout de bes' cullid people in de country," he continued, thoughtfully.

"How come you say de 'bes' cullid people' when Mister John is making us chop dis cotton? I'd ruther plow anyday. Anyhow, chopping cotton is woman's work," replied Johnnie.

"Mister John said dat he was gwine to let me run de duster dis summer. I is sixteen, you know."

"I is bigger dan you even if you is a year older, and I betcha I can turn dat duster on a dime in de blackest night," bragged Johnnie. "I can drive ole Belle better dan any of de utter boys too."

"Boy, what you mean; ole Belle is my mule. I tole Mister John I claims her, and he said we wuz de same color, 'black as de ace of spades.' Don't you come claiming de stuff around here dat I claims."

"Well, I claims de wagons."

"I claims de udder mules, too. Now what you gone pull de wagons wid?"

"Well, I claims de new mowin' machine and hay rake."

"I claims Mister John's car."

"I claims de cook stove."

"I claims all de jars of stuff Miss Vera done canned and put in de smoke-house."

"Well, I claims de piano," said Johnnie.

"You ain't never seen dat piano, and I has; dey had me a box under de Christmas tree, and I went in de parlor and got it. Dat piano is mighty purdy, but you can have it; I likes de ole organ de best, and I claims it."

"Lordy, here comes Mister John. We better look lak we been workin' might hard," said Boo-Jack. Both boys began to work very hard. Johnnie pulled his hat down over his tan brow and turned his head as though he had not seen my father approaching. Boo-Jack leaned over to pull a sprig of grass and raised his perspiring black face in a broad grin that showed his white teeth.

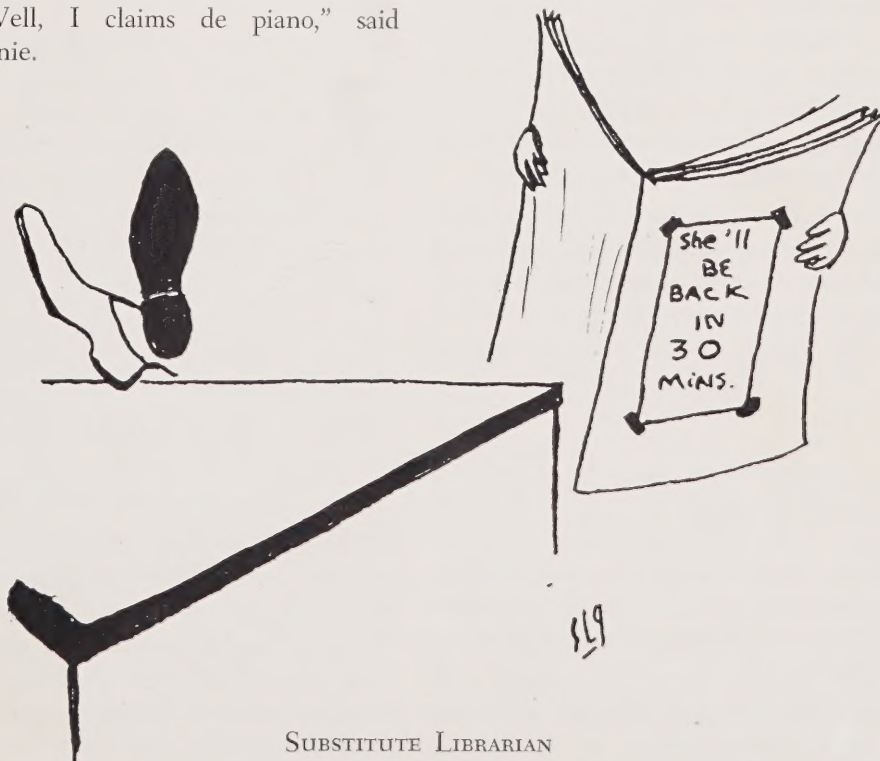
"Howdy, Mister John," he said.

"You boys have been leaning on the hoe handles too much this morning. You should have been hoeing that terrace down there by now," said my father as he looked down the slope.

"Yassuh," replied Johnnie.

"You boys have been claiming things today—I know you didn't think I heard you. I think I'll let you two claim this five-acre cotton field; you can hoe it,

(Continued on page 8)



SUBSTITUTE LIBRARIAN



# MISS SUPERIOR

BETTY NOTTINGHAM

"Well, well! You must be another freshman."

Indeed I was another freshman, and I had been very proud of that fact until a little while ago. Now that the excitement and rush of the first few days were over I felt lonely. The older girls had been so nice to us—and still were—but now their own friends were arriving and they had little time to spend with a gangling freshman.

I'd been watching a group of older girls talking together, greeting each other joyously, and telling about summer vacations. I noticed that one girl—they called her Lois—didn't seem to belong with the gang; she was bored with their conversation. Lois was short and plump. Her face would have been pretty if it had not been spoiled by a sarcastic expression. Her mouth looked frozen, and I was sure that it would crack at the corners if she tried to smile. I wondered how a kiss would fit. Her dark brown eyes could have been lovely, but they were narrowed to small slits as though they were constantly scrutinizing someone. Her small tilted nose proclaimed her snobbishness. Her hair was a flickering brown, but it was pinned in such a way that her long face seemed even longer. Lois's clothes looked fairly expensive, but they were, quite evidently, not chosen by a person of taste.

I hadn't expected her to speak to me, but I was delighted to have someone to talk to. "Yes, I'm one of the new girls," I responded quickly.

"I thought so," she replied. And to no one in particular, "You can always tell 'em."

I supposed that her way of trying to be friendly would have to be this peculiar; so I continued, "I just love the college. Everything is new and different, of course, but I'm sure that in a few days I'll get accustomed to it and like it more than ever."

"I doubt if you will like it after a few weeks," Lois replied.

After a minute of adjusting myself to this new style of hospitality, I asked, "Why do you say that?"

"All freshmen hate college after the first few weeks. Just wait until you've been to classes a couple of weeks. Wait until you have failed your first tests. Wait until you get called up before council for breaking rules. You just wait."

"But suppose I don't fail. I may fail some of my tests, but I won't fail them all. I've always liked my teachers, and I don't mind classes—too much. I won't get called up before council if I don't break any rules, and I certainly don't intend to do that."

"You will, though," she replied.

I decided to try a bit of my own graciousness. "Do you like this college?"

"Yes, but I am different. I've been here long enough to find out. I don't waste my time at the movies, playing bridge, knitting, playing tennis, and doing things of that sort. I spend my time studying. If you are going to be a thorough student, you will not have time for outside activities."

My seventh-heaven vision of college life was rapidly disappearing. From Lois's entrancing description college wouldn't mean the balance of studying, extra-curriculars, and social doings that I had anticipated.

Other girls had walked up as we talked. As Lois remarked, for about the fifth time, that I just wouldn't be able to stick it out, Bootsy, a vivacious, red-headed girl, broke into the conversation. "Stop talking like that, Lois. You'll scare her to death."

"I was just telling her a few things."

"So I noticed. We won't have a freshman on campus if you continue to give those lectures. Sure, we work, work hard, but we have a good time too. And remember, Lois, that you, too, were once a freshman—though it may seem centuries ago."

By her superior manner and knowledge I knew that Lois was a senior, but to revive the lagging conversation, I said, "You're a senior, aren't you, Lois?"

"Mercy, no," she replied. "I'm a sophomore. What ever gave you that idea?"

## WOOD-PILE BOY

(Continued from page 7)

plow it, poison it, and pick it. It's nearly twelve now. You might as well stand your hoes up and come on to the house with me. One of you can claim that well chain and draw some water for the mules, and the other can start feeding," said my father. And they started down the cotton row.

"Mister John, I won't never claim nothin' no more if you won't make us claim dis field. No suh, nuthin' but you, Mister John," beamed Boo-Jack. "I tell everybody I see dat I'm Mister John's wood-pile boy."





## FALLING LEAF

CORNELIA DICK

Oh, if I could become a child again,  
I'd race once more with winds a-flying  
wild  
And feel bare feet and face washed with  
the rain  
And chase the moonbeam shadows like  
a child.  
I'd greet each happy summer with a  
smile  
And laugh with glee to feel a wintry  
blast.  
Yet in my whirl I'd pause a little while  
To catch a falling leaf and hold it fast.

## REVERIE

CORNELIA DICK

When the white moonlight beams,  
Then it brings back the dreams,  
Dreams of a silent sea,  
Where the wind on the dunes  
Sang its low, mornful turns  
Down by a silent sea.

Where a white sea gull's flight  
Made its path in the night  
Over a silent sea,  
Where I lived with my love  
By a cool, briny cove  
Down by a silent sea.

How our souls in us yearned,  
How the love in us burned  
Down by a silent sea!  
Where our young heart's desire  
There consumed us like fire  
Down by a silent sea.

How it hangs like a pall,  
The dead life I recall,  
Lived by a silent sea.  
Oh, the merciless pain  
Of a love all in vain  
Drowned in a silent sea.

## ADVICE

FRAN MACPHERSON

Be careful how you flaunt or tease  
A DAR-ish pride,  
Or many proud ancestral trees  
Have serpents hid inside.

Don't say a guy with beety nose  
Is deep-dyed alcoholic,  
Or if you listen—there he blows  
His oboe—just bucolic.

And never tell a modish miss,  
"Pardon, your slip is showing,"  
For she, most coldly, will insist  
"Or course, it's there for snowing."

## POST-EXAM

FRAN MACPHERSON

Did Douglas die in '52?  
Was Lincoln's speech half Tory?  
Did Talleyrand send billets-doux?  
Was Eaton's wife a story?

Why did the loose constructionists  
Put tariffs in their tale?  
Was Kansas just rambunctious  
Or was her love for sale?

Is Jefferson the "way to wealth"?  
Democracy a yeast?  
Did Adams name a judge by stealth?  
Is the people a beast?

Professor, that exam was wild;  
I simply could not take it.  
History's not for this dumb child—  
So long, I'll go and make it!

## INAUGURATION DELEGATES

(Continued from page 5)

Also, Agnes Scott College (1889),  
Wallace M. Alston; The Clemson Agri-  
cultural College (1889), Robert Frank-  
lin Poole; Converse College (1889),  
Edward M. Gwathmey; Georgia State  
College For Women (1889), Guy H.  
Wells; Western Carolina Teachers Col-  
lege (1890), Paul A. Reid; University  
of Oklahoma (1890), Mrs. E. V. Wiley;  
Lenoir Rhyne College (1891), Voigt  
R. Cromer; Meredith College (1891),  
Carlyle Campbell; Randolph-Macon  
Woman's College (1891), Theodore H.  
Jack; University of Chicago (1891),  
W. G. Workman; University of Rhode  
Island (1892), Kenneth Slocum; Mon-  
tana State University (1893), Vic  
Reinemer; Alabama College (1896),  
Mrs. Jack C. Ward; Flora Macdonald  
College (1896), Marshall Scott Wood-  
son; Lees-McRae College (1900), Betty  
Morrow; and James Millikin University  
(1901), Mrs. C. E. Nicks.

Also, Sweet Briar College (1901),  
Mrs. Walter D. Toy, Jr.; Atlantic Chris-  
tian College (1902), J. Park Nunn;  
Austin Presbyterian Theological Semi-

nary (1902), James Allen Wharton;  
Lynchburg College (1903), Randolph  
Norton; Gardner-Webb College (1905),  
P. L. Elliott; Western Kentucky State  
College (1906), Kenneth C. Sinclair;  
East Carolina Teachers College (1907),  
Mrs. Lonnie W. Rogers; Coker College  
(1903), Kenneth G. Kuehner; Madison  
College (1908), Mrs. Walter P. Moore;  
Connecticut Women's College (1911),  
Mrs. E. H. Dudley; General Assembly's  
Training School (1914), Henry Wade  
DuBose; Montreat College (1916),  
John Rupert McGregor; Schreiner In-  
stitute (1923), George Staples; High  
Point College (1924), Dennis H. Cooke;  
Sarah Lawrence College (1926), Mrs.  
Archibald Craige; Presbyterian Junior  
College (1929), Louis C. LaMotte; and  
Charlotte College (1946), Bonnie E.  
Cone.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES

The learned societies represented are:  
American Philosophical Society (1743),  
Harry Miller Lydenberg; United Chap-  
ter of Phi Beta Kappa (1776), Captain  
Joseph E. Martin; American Association  
for the Advancement of Science (1848),  
James Maxwell Little; National Educa-  
tion Association (1857), Elmer H. Garin-  
ger; American Chemical Society (1876),  
David F. Mason; American Library As-  
sociation (1876), Charles M. Adams;  
American Association of University  
Women (1881), Margaret Cuddy; So-  
ciety of the Sigma Xi (1886), Thomas  
S. Logan; American Academy of Political  
and Social Science (1889), Rupert  
Gillett; American Dialect Society  
(1889), George Pickett Wilson; North  
Carolina State Nurses Association  
(1892), Josephine Kerr; Southern As-  
sociation of Colleges and Secondary  
Schools (1895), Guy W. Wells; North  
Carolina Academy of Science (1902),  
Reinard Harkema; National Association  
of Biblical Instructors (1909), Hiram  
Earl Myers; Mathematical Association  
of America (1915), Anne L. Lewis;  
Commission on Christian Higher Edu-  
cation of the National Council of  
Churches (1950), Clyde A. Milner;  
and Commission on Christian Educa-  
tion, Synod of North Carolina, Presby-  
terian Church, U. S. (1950), Harold  
J. Dudley.



## CATHERINE MARSHALL: *A Man Called Peter*

SALLY ANN CAMPBELL

Catherine Marshall wrote her story of her husband, the late Dr. Peter Marshall, with this hope for the readers of her book: "that it will help to convey to you something of the compelling quality of the dedicated personality that is Peter Marshall." Catherine Marshall, the daughter of a minister, was graduated in 1936 from Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia; and within a few months following her graduation she became the bride of Atlanta's popular new Presbyterian minister: Dr. Peter Marshall. Shortly after Dr. Marshall's death in 1949 Catherine Marshall amassed and edited a collection of his sermons which she entitled *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master* and which became one of the best selling books of 1950-1951. In her more recent book, *A Man Called Peter*, Mrs. Marshall has not only included a previously unpublished collection of Dr. Marshall's sermons and prayers, but she has also presented a vivid biography of a man and minister who proved to be an influential personality in bringing the realistic word of a real God to many in America.

Peter Marshall did not always possess the desire to become a minister, whether insignificant or great. He was born in humble surroundings in Coatbridge, Scotland, and he grew up with an almost overwhelming desire to sail away some glorious day as a deck apprentice or maybe a captain in the British navy. His family, however, was faced with economic difficulties, and so it was that the young Peter discontinued his formal schooling at an early age and began work in a Scottish tube mill. However, he studied and attended classes at night.

He was, in the meantime, losing his old desire for the life of a sailor and was acquiring a much stronger desire to become a minister.

Peter Marshall came to America largely through the help and interest of his cousin, Jim Broadbent, who had already emigrated to the United States. Peter arrived at Ellis Island in 1927 and began working first as a ditch-digger and later in a steel mill under conditions of extreme heat and long hours. The young immigrant soon faced discouragement and began formulating plans to return to Scotland. At this time, however, he received and accepted an opportunity to go to Birmingham, Alabama. There in Alabama he worked for a newspaper, became affiliated with a church, and at length was sent by the members of his Men's Bible Class to Columbia Seminary in Decatur, Georgia. At the seminary he worked hard, learned a great deal, and was popular with both his fellow students and professors.

Upon his graduation from Columbia Seminary, his honest sincerity, his gift of poetic expression, and his visible humility combined with the dynamic force of his message to make Peter Marshall become almost overnight one of the most famous ministers of the South. His popularity and his congregation grew. For four years he preached in Atlanta in a church the membership of which increased so rapidly that a new balcony had to be built in order to seat the congregation. In 1936 shortly after his marriage to Catherine Wood he accepted a call to the old and famous New York Avenue Church in Washing-

ton, D. C. At the time of his call many felt that this church was becoming rather dead and that Peter Marshall could bring to it a new vitality.

In 1947 he received and accepted the appointment to the office of Chaplain of the Senate of the United States. In that position his terse, pithy, and timely prayers for the members of the Senate and for the nation arrested almost immediately the attention of the Senators. During the debates which accompanied the appointment of David Lilienthal to be Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Dr. Peter Marshall included this passage in his morning prayer for the Senate:

Teach us that liberty is not only to be loved, but also to be lived. Liberty is too precious a thing to be buried in books. It costs too much to be hoarded. Make us to see that liberty is not the right to do as we please, but the opportunity to please to do what is right.

This is but one notable example of his timely and forceful expression. Many of the nation's officials began to know and to love Dr. Marshall both as a God-inspired man and as their own personal friend. He served his adopted country well in a critical time.

*A Man Called Peter* is well worth any one's time and attention. In writing it Catherine Marshall used warmth, humor, and an understanding gaiety. Her attention to details and anecdotes helps to give reality to the man called Peter. Peter Marshall was a great man and a great minister, and the story of his life and leadership is both interesting and inspiring.

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## CHARLES MORGAN: *A Breeze of Morning*

CORNELIA DICK

Charles Morgan has written a book which is every bit as refreshing as its title, *A Breeze of Morning*, would seem to indicate. It is a story of youth, written forty years later. The narrator, David

Harbrook, tells the story of his life during a part of his fourteenth year. David was an English schoolboy working for a scholarship to Eton. His quiet life with his father and his older sister, Ann,

was interrupted by the entrance of two other people. David's cousin, Howard Treladdin, came to live with them; and Rose Letterby, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Manor in the parish of



Letterby, returned from Europe to take her place in the suburban social life.

David by accident met Mr. Letterby and was invited by this rather eccentric gentleman to visit him. They found a mutual interest in the classics, and Mr. Letterby helped David prepare himself for the scholarship examinations. But it was Mr. Letterby's beautiful daughter who played the most dramatic part in David's life; for David as well as Howard fell under her spell. David's hitherto quiet life became one of inner turmoil; for he knew that Ann was in

love with Howard, and he could not bear to see her suffering. Mr. Harbrook's disapproval of Rose did not lessen the tension in the family.

"The Mask and the Face" is the title of Part One of the book, and this title indicates the thread of thought throughout the story. The narrator presents a clear view of the mask of the quiet, well-ordered lives of the people and the troubled, confused faces underneath. The fact that the story is presented as a recollection after forty years serves to bring out only the most significant experiences, thoughts, and reactions in the

narration of the story. David's love of the classics puts a mystical mood throughout this drama of a more recent age.

This little story, simple yet complex, is told with lyric freshness. Some of the sentences are long and sweeping and broadly philosophical. Some are short and direct. David recollects: "I tried to write Latin, a dangerous habit." The English countryside, the English idioms, and most of all the English people lend charm to the story. Vivid descriptions of the external setting and keen penetration of human feelings make this novel rich and beautiful.

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## THOR HEYERDAHL: *Kon Tiki*

PEGGY GEER

In his book *Kon Tiki*, Thor Heyerdahl tells the story of one of the strangest dysseys in the ageless history of the seas—a drama of how he and five young Scandinavian men floated across the Pacific on a balsa wood raft in one hundred and one days. The author, a Norwegian, who has the spirit of a scientist and the courage of Columbus, tells how he stumbled upon prehistoric relics on a lonely South Sea isle and from these relics evolved a theory that the first people to settle the Polynesian Islands came not from Asia, as generally believed by scientists and historians, but from South America. His theory further maintained that the trip was made on balsa wood rafts carried along by the currents of the South Pacific. Heyerdahl proved that such a voyage could be made, and from this voyage came the story of *Kon Tiki*.

Heyerdahl, who is both a scientist and an author, has had a full thirty-six years of adventure. He always wanted to be a naturalist, and at the age of seven he had a museum that was the envy of all his school friends in his home town of Lurvik, Norway. At that early age he displayed a precocious interest in insects, reptiles, salamanders, and queer creatures of the sea. While majoring in zoology at Oslo University, he wanted to search for insects and animals in the tropical growth of the Fatuhiva Island

in the middle of the Pacific. At length this curious young naturalist went to the island, and there he talked to the natives and experienced a strange feeling when he discovered stone monuments, idols, and implements that seemed to be evidence of South American culture. Here on this lonely isle was born the theory which Heyerdahl later proved: that the first people to come to the Polynesians were from South America and not from Asia.

The opening chapters of *Kon Tiki* give glorious accounts of the plans for the coming voyage—the laborious search for water-resistant balsa logs with which to build the raft, the finding of balsa in the Ecuadoria jungle, the building of the raft in Peru, and the day of setting sail in Callao Harbor. The voyagers, including two noted anti-Nazi saboteurs, three Norwegians, and one Swede, felt confident when they left on their journey, although they had never tested their raft, nor did they know how long they would travel.

The following chapters describe the most gripping marine adventures of modern times. The six brave men, traveling in the balsa raft, which consisted of nine balsa logs tied together with ropes and vines and which was built to resemble the rafts of the ancient Peruvians, covered forty-three hundred nautical miles, or a distance equal to that

from Chicago to Moscow. When the raft finally piled up on a large reef in Tahiti Island, Heyerdahl had reached his goal, taken there by winds and currents. Fame and fortune came to this modern-day Viking who gambled his life on a theory and won, and the story of how he did it is not easily forgotten.

The author writes his narrative in a simple, yet vivid and gripping style, and he makes his incidents seem even more realistic by including with each chapter numerous photographs taken during the voyage. The brief summary found at the beginning of each chapter also aids the reader in following the events of the story. I am convinced that *Kon Tiki* is one of the best adventure stories ever written.

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## CALVIN REID VISITS CAMPUS

(Continued from page 6)

the special music for the services. Tuesday afternoon the home economics department and faculty members graciously assisted at a Stultz Building tea in honor of Dr. Reid.

Many students have voiced their opinions on the most interesting and inspirational part of the week's services. Some have voted for the morning and evening services, and others have expressed appreciation for the dorm discussion groups.



# OUT OF THE HILLS

ANN RECTOR

The sun neared the dark, ragged ridge of the mountain and sent its last beams across the brown fields, silhouetting the form of a tall, sinewy man as he came over the crest of a hill. In a small, roughly-built home nearby Liz anxiously watched the approaching figure of her husband.

There's Sam coming in home like he's been doing ever since we first moved here, she thought. He hasn't changed much. He's still as tall and straight as when we were young, but maybe a little bit slower. Walking that way with the sun glowing all around him, he looks almost like—"Quit that, Emma Mae!"—well, like an angel. No, I can't tell him. He's been good to me, kind and done things—Oh, I remember the time he brought me a hat for a surprise. He never stayed away like other men that I know would have done. He works so hard every day that his hands are brown and rough. Sometimes he gets angry and—but, dear God, you know he didn't mean to be bad. Together we've raised up half-a-dozen healthy kids, more than enough to make up for one stingy old man with no family. If I tell Sam—and he leaves, what about the kids?

Liz's thoughts were interrupted by Sam's heavy tread on the porch and his voice calling to her. "Liz, got the 'taters done? Hurry 'em up. Got a job for me and the boys to do after supper." Liz smiled faintly, wondering whether Sam had at last decided to board up the north stable windows. She guessed he'd never learn to look ahead.

Golden haired Emma Mae piped in, "Pop, can't I help?"

"Don't reckon you can, sis. You've got to help me," returned Henry.

His refusal was seconded by his father. "No, Emmie Mae, it's a job for men."

"Sammie, you and Jo John quit your fightin' so's we can eat," Liz scolded. Her two youngest boys had been scrambling about beneath her feet as she car-

ried the steaming dishes from stove to table. The whole noisy family gathered around the table, and silence suddenly prevailed. Liz's eyes followed her husband's every move.

... The light shines on his hair and lights his whole face up. He sure enjoys his eating, if ever anybody did. The fork looks out of place in his hand, but he holds it loose and sure. Funny how his muscles pull so tight beneath his shirt ... "Boys, be still. We've got to get through here." ... His shoulders is broad, and—Oh, God give me strength. . .

A slight tap on the door brought Liz back to the present. "I'll get you more tomatoes off of the porch, pa," Liz hurriedly told her husband as she stepped through the doorway into the shadows, where she saw her nephew. She replied to little Billie Skeen's remarks by saying, "Sh, they mustn't hear us. Yeah, I see. Well, tell your ma not to worry. I ain't going to warn him. He'll be here. Now run along."

Turning back into the house, Liz saw Sammie jumping up and down and calling in a teasing voice. "Emmie Mae's got a boy friend. Emmie Mae's got a boy friend. I saw them holdin' hands."

Alice immediately came to her sister's rescue. "Don't pick on her, Sammie. You got a girl friend. I saw you kiss her."

Henry gave a dutiful word of advice to his younger brother. "Jest don't ever let the gals get the dealin' hand, Sam."

"Stop that fussin', you hear me!" Liz commanded her children as she turned to Sam and said, "You ain't goin' out nowhere, are you?"

"No, thought me and the boys would finish up that little table we were makin' for you," Sam replied.

"It can wait. Come and tell the kids a story."

"Not tonight, ma; tomorrow maybe."

"Yes, now," his wife demanded. "You ain't goin' to have the time tomorrow."

Without further argument Sam settled down in his chair and began a story.

"Well, let's see. Kids, you know back when I was a boy, they got the gol'darn notion that all of us had to go to school just like you have to now. The school was way over in Warnet Cove, and us boys would start out—but sometimes we wouldn't get clean there. On this particular day Josh, Reub, an' me set out runnin' across the fields with the sun shining down and making everything smell real green and fresh. Well, by the time we got down to Turkey Creek, we decided to just stop and fish awhile. We found some willow sticks, and—"

Liz's eyes were focused upon Sam but her thoughts were far from his story. . . . Why don't he look at me? How long can this last? Everything's so peaceful. There's not a sound, but his voice moving deep, husky, and close. There ain't nothing like having family 'round you. Gives you a good feeling, like nothing else couldn't ever come in and cause trouble. If they could just see him like this, all smiling and jogging Emmie Mae on his knee. I got to think about the kids, though. It ain't like it was just him always running from the law. It'll be them that has to pay, if he don't face . .

The children drinking in their father's story, for they knew his tales always had unexpected endings.

"The three of us was just fishin' there peaceful like," Sam continued, "and enjoyin' the company, when the scrawny little Ted McAllister came by and called us a bunch of nasty names. Of course, we weren't goin' to have none of that out of him. Well, we'd dunked him in the creek before; and this time after we'd battered him up a bit, Josh had an idear. You see, it was a big joke amongst us boys 'cause his ma made him underthings out of flowered meal sacks so we yanks off his shirt and briche. Then we chased him down by the school where all the kids was out at recess. Boy, you should have seen them girls run! I guess you recollect that, hey ma?"

"What?—oh, yeah, sure."

With a twinkle in his eyes, Sam questioned her in a stern voice. "You air



been listening to me, have you?" Almost in the same breath, he said, "There's somebody at the door. You get it, Henry."

There was such an insistent knocking that Liz was forced to raise her voice almost to a shout as she said, "Wait! Sam, it's them come for you. I know it is. Mamie told me today."

Sam jumped to his feet, dumping Emma Mae on the floor; and he started across the room to Liz in long strides. "You mean they—" he said.

"Sister wanted to tell me even if Sheriff wouldn't like it. I kept quiet, though, 'cause you ain't goin' to make

no fuss. You're goin' with them and in a while pay for what you—"

Angry and bewildered, Sam grasped Liz's shoulders. Her pale, tense face was suddenly softened by a tear, but biting her lip Liz turned away and spoke more calmly. "God'll see that it turns out for the right, Sam, and we'll pray for you."

At the sound of her voice the towering figure before Liz relaxed. "I've tried to be a good husband to you, and here you go and turn agin' me when you know I didn't mean to kill him."

"It's not 'cause I didn't believe you, Sam. I thought it'd be better since the killin' was a accident. . ."

Liz was interrupted by Sheriff Skeen's voice. "No use arguing, Sam, you are going with us tonight. I know I'm your brother-in-law and have always been your buddy, but then Big Jim was your buddy, too; and we all know you two didn't start the fight. Besides, it's my business to stand by the law."

As they led him out the door Sam stopped. He looked at Liz but he spoke to Henry. "Finish up that table for your ma, son."

Liz sat staring blindly out the window, and the moon slipped from beneath a cloud, drenching the earth with silver; but Liz saw only a blurred darkness and did not hear the children crying.

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## HOT-ROD

VENETIA WILCOX

I pushed open the front door and stepped into bright sunshine as gaily as Ford had never made a Model T. An off-key "Hi, mudface," jerked me out of my daze. Before I looked in the direction of the noise, I knew what had blurred it.

In the driveway which separated our house from our neighbor's sat a car, or rather, a reasonable facsimile of one. With no top and only a front seat, it was the corpse of a 1930 Ford, but it was as well-dressed as a patent leather dandy from the 20's. With its coat of black paint and hub caps like startling, yellow spots, the jalopy in motion was a radiant blur. There were three letters, XXX, scrawled in yellow on the door. They stood for the title of an exclusive boys' club in our high school. None of us girls knew what the three letters meant, and we were even more puzzled by the seven straight, short lines marked on the fender. They reminded me of scratches in my grandfather's hunting gun.

I sauntered down the steps as casually as I could and crossed the carpet grass to the driveway. The bottom half of a boy's figure was visible under the car; the voice I had heard belonged to

the owner of this pair of lanky legs. Lum Jenson was wearing levis and sneakers, and, as usual, his face was hidden as he worked on his prize possession, this heap of screws and bolts. When Lum was in a talkative mood, he used to explain to me the thrilling sensation he experienced while he was speeding along in his car.

The sharp ring of metal on metal that was coming from under the car told me that he was at another repair job. Experience had taught me to stand quietly aside and wait for him to start a conversation.

Suddenly, with one swift lunge he was out from under the car and on his feet beside me. He grinned self-assuredly, winked at me, and then turned to pat the hood of his car. His face was smeared with long streaks of grease, and his tousled sandy hair was in wild disorder. He wiped his hands on his dirty levis and exclaimed, "Isn't she a beaut?" From the grin on his face you would have thought the Ford was Betty Grable.

"Sure, Lum. Why don't you take that Rag Mop of yours to her beautician?"

Lum guffawed and leaned against the car. "You really worry about my looks,

don't you Cindy? But I'm broke this week. Maybe the hair trim will get into the schedule next month."

I fairly boiled, thinking of where Lum's money had gone—every cent for repairs for this hot-rod. Lum knew how I felt and stood there flaunting the truth in my face. I had a sudden urge to go to his parents who also detested this jalopy and tell them all. They would take his car away from him, but where would I be? I would lose him as a friend.

Lum and I had grown up as neighbors. Lum used to call me endearing names like "Snaggleteeth" and torment me by pulling my pigtails. We had not dated in high school, but Lum worked my chemistry problems for me, and I corrected his English themes. The car was the only subject about which we were in complete disagreement. I didn't even say anything about his becoming a charter member of the XXX Club, and I didn't mention the fact that I had heard shady things about their activities. But when all of his time was devoted to that rattletrap, when he neglected his studies and now his appearance, I rebelled. I turned on my heel and marched defiantly for our front porch.



"Aw now, Cindy," he drawled, "don't be that way. You know I can't help it. Have to keep my car in running condition. If I didn't . . ."

"If you didn't what, Lum? If you didn't tear down Oak Street with those boys, what would happen? If you didn't go riding every night in that car, would the sky fall in? Would the town reservoir blow up? Would they, Lum Jensen?" I shouted as I stalked toward the house.

I had never talked to Lum like that before. He had been the one that had shown the spirit. There were tears in my eyes as I ran up to the porch.

"Cindy, would you like to take a ride?" he called.

I stopped abruptly. I had never ridden with Lum. In fact, neither had any of the girls. If I rode in his car just this once, maybe I could understand his feelings and erase the peculiar premonition I had concerning it. I wavered. Impulsively I turned around and got into his car.

Five minutes later we were cruising down the oak-lined avenue. The wind was blowing in our faces, and I felt suddenly free. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the telephone poles flashed into my line of vision in rapid soldier-like precision. Lum drove casually and calmly through the crowded traffic-lined streets, and soon we were on the outskirts of town. Suddenly there were no more houses with green patterned lawns trimmed with white fences. Freshly plowed fields lay beside the open road, stretching as far as the eye could see.

I did not notice that we were gradually going faster and faster until I turned to say something to Lum and saw the expression on his face. His brow was furrowed, and he stared at the road, hypnotized. I shouted at him to slow down, but my words were tossed up into the wind and consumed in shrieking. Lum raced on and on over the straight stretch of road, and I sat transfixed, eyes on speedometer. At the blast of a horn I turned to look behind us. At that

moment a green strip-down sped past us, and I saw the driver wave boastfully at Lum and drive by us at an alarming rate of speed. As soon as he had passed us, both of the cars began to slow down and minutes later came to a halt on the shoulder. Lum grabbed something from the glove compartment, jumped out of the car, and walked to the one ahead of us. When he had reached the other driver he had a yellow crayon in his hand, and I watched him make a mark on the front fender of the boy's car. I knew he was watching me, frowning, and gesturing in my direction.

Suddenly I understood. This was what happened every night when Lum left home in his car. The boys came out here in their hot-rod to race up and down this strip of lonely road. Each marking represented a victory. I could see how the thrill and danger possessed Lum like a fever.

The other car pulled away with a roar and sped out of sight. Slowly Lum ambled back to the car and climbed in. He did not look at me for a while. He just sat limply in the driver's seat without making a move. "Cindy," he said at last, "you've got to promise never to mention a word about this to anybody. Do you hear me? Never mention it to anybody. It's too late now to change what's happened, but I can trust you, can't I?" His eyes begged for my consent, and the look on his face scared me. I stared at him, mute and bewildered. He turned the switch, and the car pulled into motion.

On the way home the trees beside the road were grotesque creatures wailing of death. Their branches waved madly in the wind, and the grass around their naked stems was thick with blood. I shut my eyes to erase the picture, but Lum had painted it indelibly.

When we pulled into our driveway, it was getting dark. As soon as the car had stopped, I ran to the house, not speaking. My silence screamed. I opened the front door and stepped into the dark sanctuary of our hall. I heard the renewed grind of a motor preparing to roar away into the night. I put my face in my hands and cried.



## QUEENS GRADUATE WINS FELLOWSHIP

Miss Alice Reynolds, of Charlotte and Queens Class of '51, has been awarded a Rotary Foundation Fellowship for advanced study at the University of Paris. This \$3500 fellowship will provide for a year of study.

Alice, honor graduate from Central High School in 1947, was salutatorian at Queens in 1951. She was awarded a partial scholarship to Queens by Charlotte's Altrusa Club. She is now studying for the master's degree at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, but she plans to return to her home in Charlotte for several weeks before leaving for Paris in time for the fall term.

This Queens graduate won the fellowship in nation-wide competition on the basis of her academic records and her recommendations. She was proposed for it by the Charlotte Rotary Club and recommended by the 280th District Committee on Rotary Fellowship and by Malcolm R. Williamson of Waynesville, Governor of the 280th District.

Through this scholarship, Rotary International will give Alice an opportunity to do advanced study in a foreign country and an opportunity to become better acquainted with Rotary Clubs, Rotarians, and others; thus gaining fuller understanding of



phases of life in another country. As a graduate student Alice will also take to the French people she meets an understanding of American ways of living and bring back to Rotary Clubs in this area information about her year of study and French ways of living and thinking.

The scholarship provides, not only living and tuition expenses, but also funds for a limited amount of travel within a radius of approximately three hundred miles of the University of Paris. She will speak to Rotary Clubs in that area and will be guided by members of these clubs as she tries to gain a better understanding of the section around Paris.

Alice plans to teach when she has completed her studies.

## **PRESIDENT JERNIGAN TO BE INAUGURATED**

(Continued from page 3)

President, the school was taken over by the Presbyterian Church and became known as Presbyterian College for Women. During the presidency of Dr. R. Caldwell, the college was moved to the Myers Park section. The next

president was Rev. H. C. Evans, who was followed by Dr. W. H. Frazer in 1921. Under Dr. Frazer the institution was admitted to membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. When Chicora College of Columbia, S. C., was merged with the school, the name became Queens-Chicora in 1930. Dr. Hunter B. Blakely became president in 1939, and in 1940 the name of the school was changed to Queens College. Dr. Blakely remained president until 1950. In recent years Belk Chapel and the Stultz Building have been erected, and the Science Building has been remodeled. Queens recently established its Evening College for adult education, and at the last meeting of the board of trustees the college was made co-educational on a day-student basis.

The students of Queens are to play an essential role in the activities planned for the inaugural week end. Each student is to act as a hostess, directing the delegates and guests around the campus. Some will be designated for the task robe marshals; others are to help in providing transportation for the delegates.

Each class is to be represented at the inauguration by its officers. Members of

the Valkyrie and the class marshals will act as ushers for the ceremony Saturday morning.

## **QUEENS ON THE AIR**

E. J. J. Kramar has been approached by a representative of radio station WSOC on the possibility of Queens having a five-minute news broadcast. If possible the broadcasts should be made every day, but they can be arranged for three times a week or once a week. A broadcasting room might possibly be set up at Queens, or a direct line with the station could be built. The programs would consist of campus news and announcements which are of interest to students and the public, information given by different departments of the college concerning their work and stories behind some of the campus organizations. The major problem connected with this project is the need of some student or students who are willing to be responsible for these programs and to work with Mr. Kramar in organizing material. Until such a person has been located the Queens College news broadcast on WSOC cannot function.

## **CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION**

(Continued from page 4)

called in the late spring by our legislature. Our constitution has not been revised since 1943; and, if the climate of opinion is any indication of need and interest, this is the year for consideration and evaluation of the framework of our student government. This may well be the call of a new frontier for us to conquer, one presenting a challenge to our wits: how to maintain the comforts of our bigness without violating our individualism. The administration of Queens College is also endeavoring to meet this problem. In the words of Dr. Jernigan, "Queens College is going to dare to be small in a country that thinks in terms of 'the bigger the better'."

The question we now ask ourselves is one often heard today in areas of social and political interaction: What can we do? Only we can answer for ourselves. How each of us answers this question along with all the other individual answers will determine the quality of our government.

Our legislature has appointed committees to investigate the branches of our student government—legislative, execu-

tive, and judicial, as well as our Honor System. The committees appointed are large enough to provide an adequate sampling of the student-body ideas and opinions, and distribute the necessary work of investigation. The nature of the investigation of these committees is three-fold: to examine the student government of other colleges with a similar tradition and background; to review our present constitution; and to seek student opinion and suggestions. Students who wish may send their ideas to any committee through a member of that committee. When the findings of the committees have been completed, a constitutional convention will be called. Legislature will remain in session the entire day if necessary to hold the hearings of the committees. In addition, students may sit in the gallery and be recognized by the chair if they have an opinion to present.

If we believe that with the exercise of our bill of rights comes a fuller measure of responsibilities, we shall participate enthusiastically and creatively in revising our government.—L. C. D.



## QUEENS OLD-STLYE

(Continued from page 6)

In 1868 the 133 girls were under strict supervision by Mr. and Mrs. Burwell. The girls even had to leave their pocket change with Mr. Burwell! Mrs. Burwell, the "superintendent of social duties," didn't at all approve of the name of the school—The Charlotte Female Institute. "Female," she said. "Do you refer to dogs, cats, horses, or cows?" So the name of the Institute was changed to the Charlotte Institute for Young Ladies.

Back before 1901 Queens was not a Presbyterian school, but the "principal" was a Presbyterian; and all of the girls had to go with him and his family to church. Can't you just see it now? Fifty or sixty girls entering the church behind their principal and filling up the first seven pews right under the good preacher's nose. If the parents wanted their daughter to go to a different church, they had to send her in the company of a friend. The girls couldn't

even receive visitors on Sunday. But in spite of the fact that they had to go to church with the principal, the girls were glad enough to get out. Hardly ever were they allowed off campus and never without the company of a teacher. A teacher had to go shopping with them too. (Just imagine! Shopping with Mr. Storey!)

In the 1870's lamps were just beginning to be used. Although the catalogue of the time advertised tubs, the tubs were never used. They were there, though. Water was drawn from a pump in the back yard. Every morning maids brought in two pitchers of water for each room—there were four girls in a room, sleeping in two double beds. If the girls wanted more water, they had to go out and pump it themselves. Maids also came in and laid a fire in the little stove in each room. This was the one luxury. But later on these maids were done away with, and the girls had to lay their own. It's a wonder that the school wasn't burned down.

The young ladies at the Charlotte Institute had to memorize their lessons. There was no library, and the students couldn't read any magazines or newspapers.

Everything they learned came from their textbooks, their professors, or from

(Continued on page 18)

## SINGERS ON TOUR

Scramble of baggage . . . piles of coats and robes and music . . . toast-chees and Big Towns . . . books the freshmen brought . . . separation of the degenerates from the non-smokers . . . lunch on the bus . . . laughing with Joe . . . past Orangeburg garden and swamps full of Spanish Moss . . . brain-teasers . . . being doled out in Kingstree . . . coughing in harmony . . . Merrill's Hindemith . . . up early . . . big breakfasts—or no breakfast at all . . . lurching bridge games . . . cigarettes and That Pipe . . . Washington's hospitable Baptists and Methodists . . . lugging risers . . . rain . . . "Deep South" homes . . . post cards, post cards, post cards . . . Senecan hospitality . . . exploring The Clemson House and the Iptay Tavern . . . palmist Tillson's prediction that Merrill would never marry . . . President of the Faux Pas Club . . . Mr. Jones and Columbia . . . Holliday simultaneously wrinkling his forehead and smiling reassuringly . . . azaleas . . . singing for U.S.C. students . . . lunch at Columbia College . . . Bonnie making arrangements with Raefordite . . . reception after the concert . . . dancing at Southern Pines . . . the last of the concerts for enthusiastic high school students . . . piling on the bus for the trip back—a chance to sing!

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### ADII PLEDGES PREPARE SKIT

Left to right: Ann Rector, Lib Lucas, Anne Caldwell, Gene Langham, Jane Balance.



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Waifs



## QUEENS OLD-STYLE

(Continued from page 16)

their one reference book, the dictionary. The dictionary was of British origin, and the girls pronounced their words in the telescoped English way: "extraordin'ry" and "diction'ry."

Classes were horrors. The professor simply read the name of one young lady, and the terror-stricken girl had to get up and recite the lesson. After she finished, the professor might make some comment or add information. Dr. Martin, who was a principal of the school at that time, didn't believe in asking questions because questions give away half the answers.

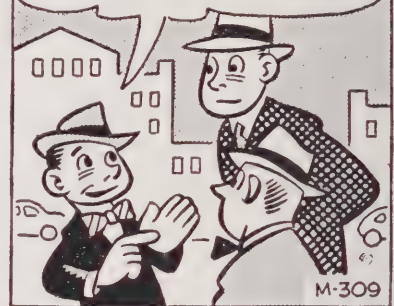
Times have changed, haven't they? At Queens today we have a TV set in north parlor and a new student store under one of the dorms where we can take our dates—IMAGINE! And we have co-eds, too. We dress differently and more comfortably, and our attitude towards our teachers is different. Queens has changed a lot—Thank Heavens!

And prohibitions? The Institute was full of them. One rule prohibited correspondence with young men, except brothers. Men were rarely allowed to visit the campus, but they came anyway to serenade the girls. Novels and games of chance were forbidden, and the poor little town girls were not allowed in the boarders' "sleeping rooms." Parents were asked not to send boxes of food to their daughters because it was "not only unnecessary but often produced unkind and selfish feelings."

Wonder what would have happened to us if we had gone to Queens then? Oh! No! Restricted again!

## Vic Vet says

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# ROBERT TAFT: Domestic Justice, Realistic International Policy

BETH HARDEN

(This is the first in a series of articles presenting candidates for the Presidency.)

America needs a man who understands domestic issues, who has a constructive policy in regards to internal affairs and experience sufficient to teach him the value of intelligent compromise in some situations. A candidate for the Presidency should certainly have a foreign policy that faces the world situation realistically. Such a man is Robert Taft.

Regardless of what faction a person falls into, he must recognize the level-headed justice of the 1947 Labor-Management Relations Act. Both unions and employers were held in check for the benefit of both and of the consumer. It is only reasonable that unions be forbidden to interfere with employers' choice of bargaining officials or with hiring (except where union shops are directly authorized). Who could argue against the eighty day injunction and the prohibition of unions' putting pressure on management to make them hire more laborers than necessary? It is reasonable that employers be required to bargain collectively with duly elected union officials. (Consult *The Congressional Digest*, April, 1949, for a fuller presentation of the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act.) Taft vindicated his right to the position as the Senate's Republican leader on internal affairs by his sane, timely, and courageous action on the Taft-Hartley Act.

He has, since the passage of the bill, demonstrated his willingness to revise awkward labor regulations by consider-

ing changes in Taft-Hartley's closed shop regulations. (See also Willard Shelton's "The New Taft Act" in *Nation* of November 17, 1951.) Taft is quite capable of recognizing exigencies and cooperating with leaders whose theories are opposed to his own in order to meet such situations. He is opposed to the socialistic trend that American internal affairs are experiencing, but he saw the necessity for and supported Truman's 1949 Housing Bill.

The primary objective of Taft's foreign policy is the preservation of the freedom and security of the American people. He is opposed to spending on a scale that would undermine American economy. Although he readily admits the necessity for and advisability of American aid in crises abroad, he is opposed to gigantic, long-range overseas commitments that become pillars in our foreign policy. In a speech in St. Paul, Minnesota, on September 23, 1951, Taft renounced the improving of economic conditions in other countries and the changing of other countries' forms of government as legitimate ends of American policy. Taft reminded the Senate as far back as March, 1951, that there should be a rein on the President in the exercise of executive authority, such as the command of the navy and army, since by manipulating the army the President can carry out whatever policy he personally wants. Taft is jealous of the rights of the American people and wants them to be given more control over troop movements (through Congress) in order to avoid

becoming the puppets of a too-powerful executive.

More specifically, Taft has outlined the following policies:

The six American divisions should be sent to Europe, but of course, they should ultimately be withdrawn. Taft does not believe that the unification of western Europe is possible; he believes America should stand ready to fight if Russia invades one of the western European countries. He does not, however, think that America should be committed to come to the aid of such a country regardless of who the aggressor is.

Taft advocates MacArthur's plan for action in Korea, suggesting full support to Chiang Kai-Shek's forces and opposing the admission of Red China to the United Nations. He endorses aid to refugees and technical assistance to the Republic of South Korea\* but he would move cautiously, remembering the necessity to preserve America's position as a prosperous example of working democracy. In his St. Paul speech (September 23, 1951) he stated that programs of aid and loans should be "for the most part undertaken by private enterprise."

Taft's understanding of domestic issues and his concern to preserve American freedom and security through intelligent foreign policy make it imperative for the voter to consider Taft seriously before casting his presidential ballot.

\* The preceding sketch of Taft's foreign policy is adapted from "Taft on Foreign Policy", *Business Week*, November 17, 1951, pp. 80-81.



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